

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Oronogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing-down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and has also relieved the bearing-down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. MAE MCKNIGHT, Oronogo, Mo.



Another Grateful Woman. St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing-down pains and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more troubles that way."—Mrs. A. L. HERZOG, 5722 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

Alms and the Man.

"Sure Father Flaherty was a good man," Mr. Murphy said of the deceased parish priest. "He hated sin but he loved the sinner, and he was all compassion and patience and wisdom. There never was another like 'im fr' holdin' up hope to th' poor battered man that had any desire fr' good."

"Faith," said he to Con Meehan, th' toime th' bh'y was down an' out, 'faith, this so'de av paradise 'tist all beginnin' again, over an' over, an' tin tolmes over!"

"An' that keen," continued Mr. Murphy, "twas niver worth while to keep back part av th' price av th' land! Wid a twinkle in his eye he'd see clean through any Ananias that iver walked."

"An' gin'rous!" Mr. Murphy's voice dropped to a lower key and his eyes were wet as he added, "His hand was always in his pocket, an' when they prepared him fr' burial they found his right arm longer than his left wid stretchin' it out to th' poor."—Youth's Companion.

Incorruptible.

The lady of the house hesitated. "Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did it?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps you won't mind telling me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Is it, then, something of mine, father?"

Their Object.

Banks—The women of my town have formed a secret society.

Rivers—A secret society? Surely, that's a misnomer; women don't know how to keep secrets.

Banks—But they know how to tell them, and that's why they formed the society.

The satirist can talk about the "average man" with impunity, because every man considers himself above the average.

A Dream of Ease— Post Toasties

NO COOKING!

An economical hot weather luxury—food that pleases and satisfies at any meal. So good you'll want more.

Served right from the package with cream or milk. Especially pleasing with fresh berries.

"The Memory Lingers"

Pkg. 10c and 15c Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Co., Limited Battle Creek, Mich.

Zelda Dameron

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"I suppose," said Zelda, who was thinking very hard, "that one simply has to have a mortgage; just as though it were measles or croup or scarlet fever."

"Oh, mortgages aren't at all serious—not necessarily fatal—if you don't take cold or expose yourself before it's over."

"How does one contract a mortgage?" said Zelda.

"I caught mine at college," said Olive. "We blew our substance on education. I just found it out recently. Mother has been carrying the burden of it all by herself. The subject isn't pleasant. Let us talk of something else."

"Where do you keep your mortgage?" asked Zelda, half-seriously. "How does one get at the best?"

"Ours seems to be in a bank just at present," answered Olive, evasively.

"That sounds formidable. But it's too bad that you have to move. Harrison street is the most charming street in town. I can't think of you as living anywhere else except in this pretty house."

"You'll have to, for me move almost at once, as they say in stories."

Zelda's father continued to pay a sum every month to her credit at the bank, and money matters were rarely or never mentioned between them. She did not understand how anxious he was to avoid any clash with Rodney Merriam over the management of her property; and she did not appreciate the smallness of the sum he gave her compared with the full amount her property should have earned. Zelda was spoken of in Mariona as an heiress, and it was the general belief that she would have not only the property left her by her mother, but the large estate which Ezra Dameron had been accumulating through many years. There, too, were Mrs. Forrest and Rodney Merriam, who were childless; both were rich by local standards.

When, one afternoon a week later, she decided to speak to her father about Olive's perplexity, she went to his office in the Dameron Block and made no effort to conceal the fact that she had come on business. Her father was poring over his accounts as she stood suddenly on the threshold of the private room.

"Why, Zee, what brings you here?" he exclaimed.

"I came on an errand," said Zelda. "I don't think your housekeeping is well done," she added, glancing about the room.

"It serves me very well," said the old man. "Business is only to be considered as business."

"I have just heard that Olive Merriam and her mother are in trouble—that is, money trouble."

"He looked at her quickly, and searched her with his sharp eyes. The Merriams had been trading on Zelda's friendship, he decided, and he smiled to himself as he settled back in his chair, determined to thwart any quixotic plan that Zelda might brood in her behalf."

"I imagine that they have very little—very little," he said.

"I know nothing of their affairs; but I have just learned that they expect to move, and when I asked Olive why, she said they owed a debt they couldn't pay. Do you happen to know what this debt is?" she asked.

"Yes; I hold the mortgage. It's in the bank for collection."

"She didn't tell me that you held it. She said a bank had it. The money was borrowed to pay Olive's way through school. The debt is to you."

"To me as trustee," he corrected.

"Is it, then, something of mine, father?"

"Your surmise is quite correct. I hold, as trustee for you, several notes, given by Mrs. Merriam. They're now in default and in the bank for collection."

"I'm sorry I didn't know that earlier, father. I wish you had told me. I have been seeing a good deal of my Cousin Olive. I like her immensely; I have been to her house familiarly, and she has been to see me pretty often, when she could get away from her work. I didn't know of course, that I was even remotely their creditor. The situation isn't exactly comfortable, now that I know it."

"I'm sorry that the matter should have arisen; but there is no reason why they should transfer their burdens to your shoulders, Zee."

"I hope you understand that they have never mentioned this subject or hinted that they owed you or me. I only know that they feel they must leave the house. I fancy they are being pushed by the bank—to pay the money."

"The bank has, of course, no alternative in the matter. It's their business to collect."

"But if the owner of the note doesn't want to push the people who made the debt—"

"It is very bad business to carry overdue paper. New notes have to be given in such cases."

"It was clear to Zelda that her father had no sympathy with her liking for the Merriams or her wish to help them in their difficulty. She was sure that she could manage in some way to stop the pressure that was being brought to bear on them, and she hoped to do it through her father without going to her uncle, who would, she knew, give her any money she might ask, after he had made a row about it. But it pleased her to carry the matter through with her father."

"What is the amount, father?"

"Two thousand dollars—with interest; with accumulated interest."

Zelda smiled in relief. She could comprehend two thousand dollars.

"And how much is the house worth?"

"About five thousand, possibly. But there is no market for such property just at present. The trend of real estate is all in another direction."

"I want to carry this loan, if it has to be carried, personally. I want you

to make it over to me, and then take it out of my allowance, or charge it to me in the trusteeship. I suppose I might buy it if you—that would be more businesslike; but I haven't more than two hundred dollars. Maybe you'd sell it to me for that, father, as a special favor?"

"It is to guard you against just such philanthropy that I am your trustee. You know nothing of these things, Zee."

"But my own aunt and cousin!"

He bent his head slightly; but he was afraid to refuse to grant Zelda's wish; but perhaps in permitting her to help her unfortunate relatives he would gain the favor of Heaven.

"I will draw the notes from the bank and let the matter rest for the present, Zee, if you very much wish it."

"If that will save them further trouble, I shall give it," he said.

"I shall give the bank notice in a day or two," said Dameron, reluctantly. He wished that Zelda would go. He did not at all like the idea of having her visit him in his office, and to-day he was engrossed with important computations. He wished to be rid of her, but she rose so suddenly that he was startled.

"Why, father, I couldn't think of troubling you with a thing of this sort when you're doing it as a favor to me! What bank is it? The one where I keep my account? Oh, I know them over there. I'm going down that way anyhow, and I'll tell them you don't want those notes collected. Thank you ever so much."

"No, no; I'll have to see about it personally. You mustn't interfere in the matter at all!" he almost shouted at her. But she had no idea of trusting him, and she walked straight toward the door, at which she turned.

"It's splendid of you to let me do it. And please don't be late for dinner again to-night. It's a new trick of yours, and Polly doesn't like it at all. Good-by."

Zelda went directly to the bank and sought Burton, the cashier, whom she had met several times at parties. He gave her a seat by his desk near the front window. He was sure that she had come to solicit for a charity, and she was so handsome that he rather enjoyed his peril.

"I have come from my father to speak about a business matter. He is very sorry that he can't come himself. There are some notes here for collection, given by Mrs. Thomas Merriam to my father—He thought, or I mean, they were to have been collected, but it was all a mistake about them. He wished me to say that nothing is to be done."

"Excuse me one moment, Miss Dameron."

He went to the note-teller's cage and brought the notes, which were pinned to the mortgage.

"Your father wishes nothing done in the matter?" he asked, laying the slips of paper before Zelda.

"No," she answered, slowly, eyeing the notes curiously. "I suppose I may as well take them with me—to save my father the trouble of coming for them."

"That's a little irregular, I suppose," said the young man, doubtfully, but he laughed.

"I suppose it is," said Zelda, "but father was very anxious that nothing should be done, so I'll just take them along. Your bank is so big that some one might forget a little thing like this."

The young man hesitated and was lost. Zelda crumpled the papers between her gloved fingers and closed her fist upon them.

"There's something else I have intended speaking to you about," she said, dismissing the notes carelessly.

"You haven't had any new money in your bank for a long time, Mr. Burton. And old bills are perfectly horrible. I shouldn't think people would stand it—these old, worn-out bills. Suppose a new bank should start up with a lot of new money—you wouldn't last a day."

The cashier laughed; Miss Dameron had a reputation for saying amusing and unexpected things.

"I'll ask the teller to keep a fresh supply for you. We don't want to lose your account, Miss Dameron."

"Thank you, so much. And if father should come in, please tell him I have the notes. I might miss him, you know."

Zelda locked the mortgage and notes in her own desk, with no intention of giving them to her father, unless he should demand them.

CHAPTER XII.

Jack Balcomb, walking through an alley that ran parallel with Jefferson street, marked the unmistakable figure of Ezra Dameron ahead of him. This alley was called Ruby street for no reason that any one knew. It was lined with the rear doors of Jefferson street shops on one side and those of jobbing houses on the other, and, as it was narrow, its traffic was usually congested. A few saloons were squeezed into corners here and there and in one large room opening directly on the alley a dealer in margins maintained an office.

"I bet a dollar you're going for a drink," Balcomb remarked, under his breath; but the old man passed a saloon and went on. He seemed to be in haste, and Balcomb stepped into the middle of the alley and watched him, until he reached the broker's office, which he entered without looking around.

Balcomb whistled. "Worse than drink," he reflected, and went up to his own office.

Balcomb's mind seethed with schemes these days. He sought to give an air of seriousness to his business by carrying in the daily press an advertisement which read, "J. Arthur Balcomb, Investment Broker," and he inscribed the same legend on his stationery. The solid business men of Mariona regarded him a little warily; but he had car-

ried through several enterprises with considerable dash, and, as he cultivated the reporters, his name frequently appeared in the newspapers. The building of interurban trolley lines was bringing the surrounding towns more and more into touch with the capital. The country banker and the small capitalist were now much seen in the streets of Mariona. They were learning the lingo of metropolitan business; many of them had found it convenient to enroll themselves as non-resident members of the Commercial Club, and Jack Balcomb's office proved a pleasant rendezvous. Here they could use his stenographers, and the long-distance telephone was theirs to command. The banks and trust companies were a trifle large for these interurban capitalists; but Jack Balcomb accommodated himself to great and small. Prosperous farmers, who were finding it pleasant to run into the capital, now that the street car passed their door, learned much from Balcomb, who had the rosy imagination and sublime zeal that they lacked. Balcomb had organized the Patoka Land and Improvement Company to give the interurbanites a chance to taste the sweets of large enterprises.

Balcomb found a group of men waiting for him in his office and he sent them into his private room while he dictated in a loud tone to one of his stenographers. It was a letter to a famous Wall street banking house and referred in large figures to a certain interurban bond deal which, from the terms of the letter, the New York house and Balcomb were carrying on together. It was, to be sure, a letter that never would encumber the mails, but this made no difference to Balcomb, who gave it what he called the true commercial literary finish.

He left the stenographers to themselves with the solemn injunction that he was not to be disturbed; then he entered his private office briskly and was soon talking breathlessly to half a dozen auditors. He stood with a pile of architect's sketches before him, disclosing to his associates of the Patoka Land and Improvement Company his scheme for an ideal flat. He smoothed the blue prints on the table carefully as he said:

"You gentlemen will admit that there are plenty of apartment houses downtown. Every old corner is getting one. Every lone widow in the community takes her life insurance money and blows it into a flat and thinks it safer than government bonds. But I've got an idea worth two of the best of them. I wish we could copyright it, it's so good."

He let a dreamy look come into his eyes while the grave incorporators of the Patoka Land and Improvement Company listened. He had dropped the "we" in a casual way, but it had reached the right spot in the breasts of the interurbanites.

"It's up to us to do something new; and it has struck me that a ten-story flat, with every comfort and luxury provided, located away from the heat and dirt of the city, but accessible by car line, is the thing we're looking for. Instead of gazing out on smoke-stacks our tenants will look down on trees! Does it sound good to you?"

"But where are you going to get all this?" asked Van Cleve, his attorney, who frequently acted as interlocutor at such meetings.

"That's not so easy. You've got to get on the best street and on a good car line, an' you've got to go north. Remember, there's a park system going out that way right up the creek, park system and a boulevard would be worth millions to us. There are only two or three sites possible and the best of all is the corner where High street crosses Ripple Creek. It looms awful good to me anywhere along there. Twenty minutes from Jefferson street, gentlemen; all the comforts of the city; all the joys of the country. Now this is our scheme and we don't want a lot of little real estate fakirs crossing our trail. If I may be a bit confidential and philosophical, I'll warn you against three classes of men—plumbers, real estate agents and preachers in plug hats and skinned alpaca coats who handle a line of Arizona miltin' stock on the side."

(To be continued.)

Influence of Environment.

The parrot which belonged to the rich malefactor sat in its gilded cage, contemplating a price mark which had not yet been removed. Presently the magnate approached, and the bird looked at him. He had been on the witness stand that day in an important case, and was feeling rather elated over his successful testimony.

"Hello, Polly!" he greeted the bird, sticking his finger through the bars.

"Hello!" responded Polly, ignoring the finger.

"Does Polly want a cracker?"

The bird cocked his head to one side inquiringly. The magnate laughed at this manner. Possibly the bird had not quite understood the question.

"Does Polly want a cracker?" he repeated.

The bird still looked at him with slanting vision, but made no reply.

"Oho!" he laughed. "You're not hungry. Have you had your dinner?"

"I don't remember," croaked the bird, and the magnate ordered the butler to remove it from the premises forthwith.—Lippincott's.

His Explanation.

Smiler—Here's a college professor who wants to know why Americans are unhappy.

Grouch—Maybe it's because the college professors talk so much.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Condensed.

"Do you use condensed milk at your house?"

"I guess so. We order a quart a day, and the milkman squeezes it into a can that holds about a pint."—Cleveland Leader.

Delicate.

"Light weight, is he?"

"Well, if he ever steps on a match he'll be blown to atoms."—Kansas City Journal.

If a man waits until he himself is perfect before helping others, he will never help anybody.—W. J. Bryan.

IN VOGUE

WHITE WOOL SCARF

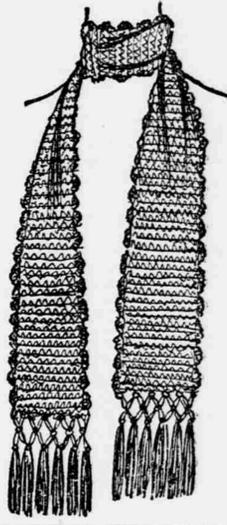
DIRECTIONS FOR CROCHETING PRETTY ARTICLE.

How An Attractive and Useful Little Garment May Be Made With Ease by Any Clever Woman.

Our model is worked in white Iron-line wool, with a No. 10 bone hook-tricot. But almost any other kind of wool and suitable hook may be used.

Work a chain for width of scarf—this and also the length, is entirely at the discretion of the worker.

Row 1—Draw up a loop through each chain stitch; draw the wool



through the end loop, then work off the rest of the loops two at a time as in ordinary tricot.

Row 2—Commence as usual, but pass the hook through the upright thread, and also through the top thread between that and the next upright, and draw up a loop through both threads at once, then draw a loop through the top thread between each of the uprights as far as the last two stitches, this time take the upright and the top thread following together—as at the commencement of the row, draw the next loop through both front and back uprights of the last stitch; work off as before, drawing through one loop at first, and then through two at a time for rest of row.

Continue repeating this row for length of scarf, the two stitches at each end of the row making a nice firm edge on both sides of it, and will prevent the work from slanting.

Along each side work a double crochet in the end stitch of the first row, pass one, five trebles in next, pass two, double crochet in next, repeat row.

Work a single crochet—or chain stitch—in the top back thread of each stitch of previous row.

Before commencing the fringe, work about three rows of five chain loops upon each end of the scarf.

For the Fringe—Cut the wool into 26-inch lengths, pass the hook through the first loop at end of scarf, fold four strands of the wool exactly in half and draw them a short distance through, forming a small loop, draw the eight strands, right through this loop and pull gently, drawing the knot close up to the work. Repeat this into every loop, taking care all the knots are turned the same way.

To knot the fringe, take four threads of the first tassel and four threads of the next one, and tie them together about an inch below the other knots, tie the remaining strands of the second tassel to four of the third one and repeat to end of row, being careful to keep the knots quite level.

The another row of knots an inch below these, but this time taking the eight strands of each tassel and tying them together.

Tie two more rows of knots at equal distances below these and cut the ends level with a pair of sharp scissors.

The Fashionable Umbrella.

It has a long—very long, handle. And a great round silver cap. Or a severely plain hardwood handle.

If there is any engraving it is done in old English letters.

Colored taffetas—dark blue, red, green or brown, are almost as much in vogue as black.

Smooth finished hardwoods, inlaid with silver, make elegant handles. Many men prefer the wooden stick—as being more substantial and masculine looking than the steel rod.

How to Wash the Jabots.

Dissolve a pinch of granulated sugar in a basin of water and wring the articles out in it. Roll them in a cloth and let them lie for half an hour. When ironed they will look like new.

JAPANESE BAMBOO BOXES

They Come in Nests and Are Useful for Holding Many Articles of Young Girl's Wardrobe.

Japanese bamboo boxes, which come in nests, are useful for holding the many trifles of a young girl's wardrobe. It is only recently that these offerings from the orient could be obtained here, but now all the leading shops dealing in eastern goods keep them. The original set comprises six rectangular receptacles about two or two and a half inches in depth. By using the larger of each group of two for the cover one may have three separate and convenient places in which to keep ribbons, gloves, collars and the various trinkets which so easily lose themselves in a dresser drawer. The rich reddish brown of the bamboo cannot fail to please the eye of any girl. The wood is split into strips about half an inch wide and woven together in an open basket pattern. The edges are strongly bound with strips of the bamboo laced together. Other baskets are to be found in this same material, and the fern holders are unusually charming when filled with fresh green moss and delicate green sprays. These baskets are lined with dull brass boxes, which slip into the bamboo part, so that they do not show from the outside. For country houses they are particularly well adapted, and so are the large handled baskets for holding the garden flowers as they are freshly culled.

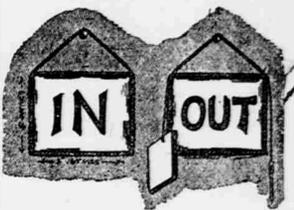
Japanese straw sandals are another useful article which can be picked up in these oriental shops. They have woven soles of grass or fiber, with cross straps of flowered silk to match one's kimono. Or if they do not match in coloring the original straps can be covered with a silk that does. Other sandals have embroidered coverings for the toes and are heelless like the strapped ones.

IN AND OUT INDICATOR

Simple Form of a Very Useful Article That Can Be Made of Card-board and Silk.

An in and out indicator is often a very useful thing and we show in our sketch a useful and simple form of this article that may be easily made. The size given in the left-hand diagram will be found quite large enough for all practical purposes.

To make it a piece of stout card-



board four by five inches in size is smoothly covered on both sides with pale blue silk and the word "In" is worked on one side and the word "Out" on the other. It is edged with a dark blue silk cord carried up into a loop at the top by which the indicator may be suspended from the wall. On going out the card is easily lifted from the nail and reversed and hung up again, and on returning it can, of course, be reversed again. Attached on the right hand side by a fine silk cord is a pencil, and on the left, fastened in the same manner, some slips of paper for messages.

Lingerie Dresses.

A very simple white embroidered frock may be vastly improved by embroidering over the design in colored silk. Flower designs, of course, best lend themselves to this treatment. One very pretty lingerie dress embroidered in a rose pattern has been worked over in pale pinks and greens at the yoke and the girdle, thus giving a distinctive touch to a dainty but rather usual frock.

The embroidery done in this way is especially effective in deep skirt flounces and in a running pattern down the sleeves. Often only a part of the white design is thus colored, and combined with a hat and a parasol to match, the simple dress may thus form the nucleus of a really striking costume.

Light Colored Dresses.

To keep light colored summer dresses and stockings pretty and fresh looking, purchase packages of any standard dye, as many colors as you have different colored dresses.

Dissolve each dye in about a quart of boiling water, and when cool bottle. When washing your pink or blue dress add a few drops, or sufficient to make the desired color, of the pink or blue dye, as the case may be, to the last rinsing water.

Just as a few drops of bluing added to the rinsing water will benefit white goods, so this compound will restore the faded dress to its original brightness. The dresses must be hung to dry in a shady place.